HACK/SLASH ANNUAL NUMBER THREE

HATCHET/SLASH

OLD SCHOOL AMERICAN HORROR VS. COMIC BOOK HORROR HUNTER

image

$5.99

COVER A

HACK/SLASH Annual Number Three

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COVER B

HATCHET/SLASH

OLD SCHOOL AMERICAN HORROR vs. COMIC BOOK HORROR HUNTER

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

HATCHET/SLASH
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VICTOR CROWLEY AND THE MOVIE HATCHET
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image

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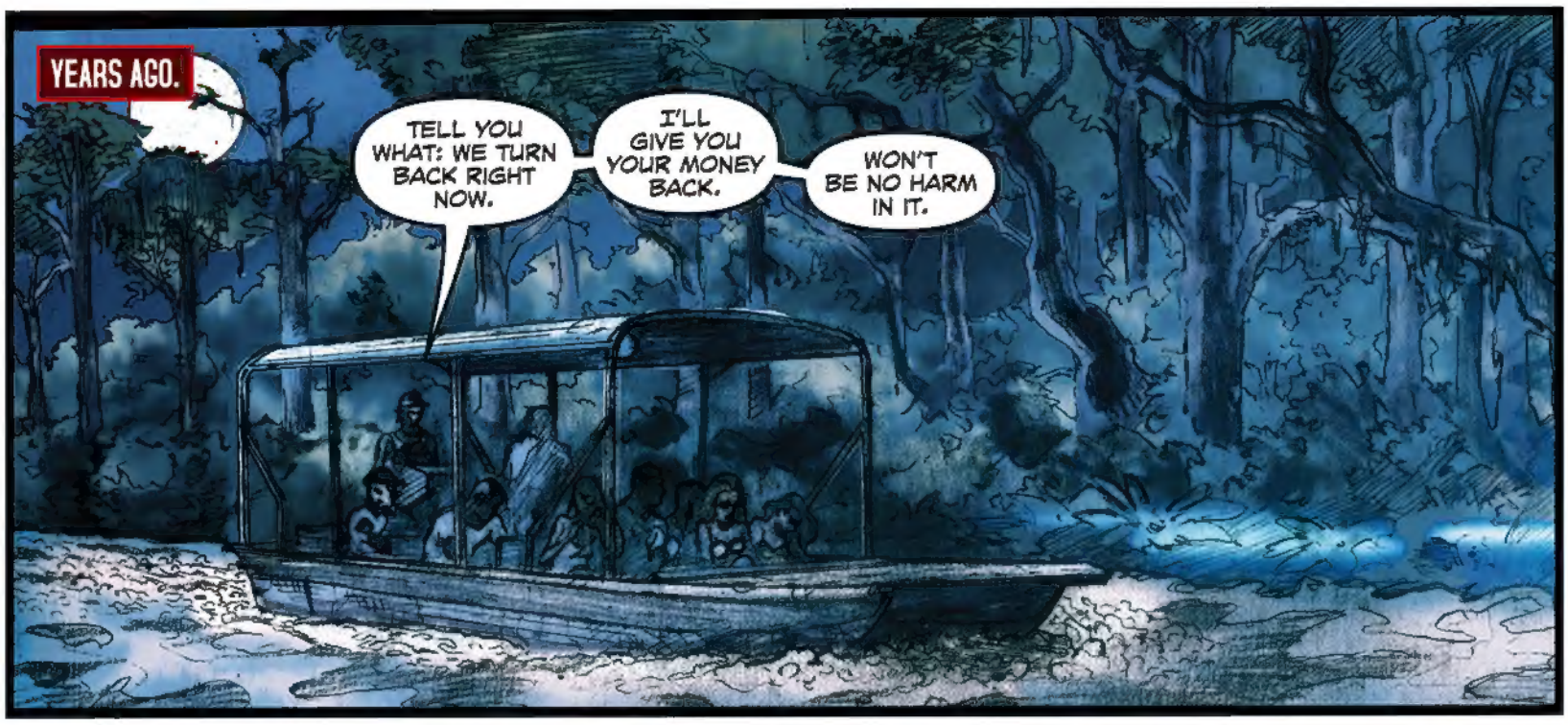
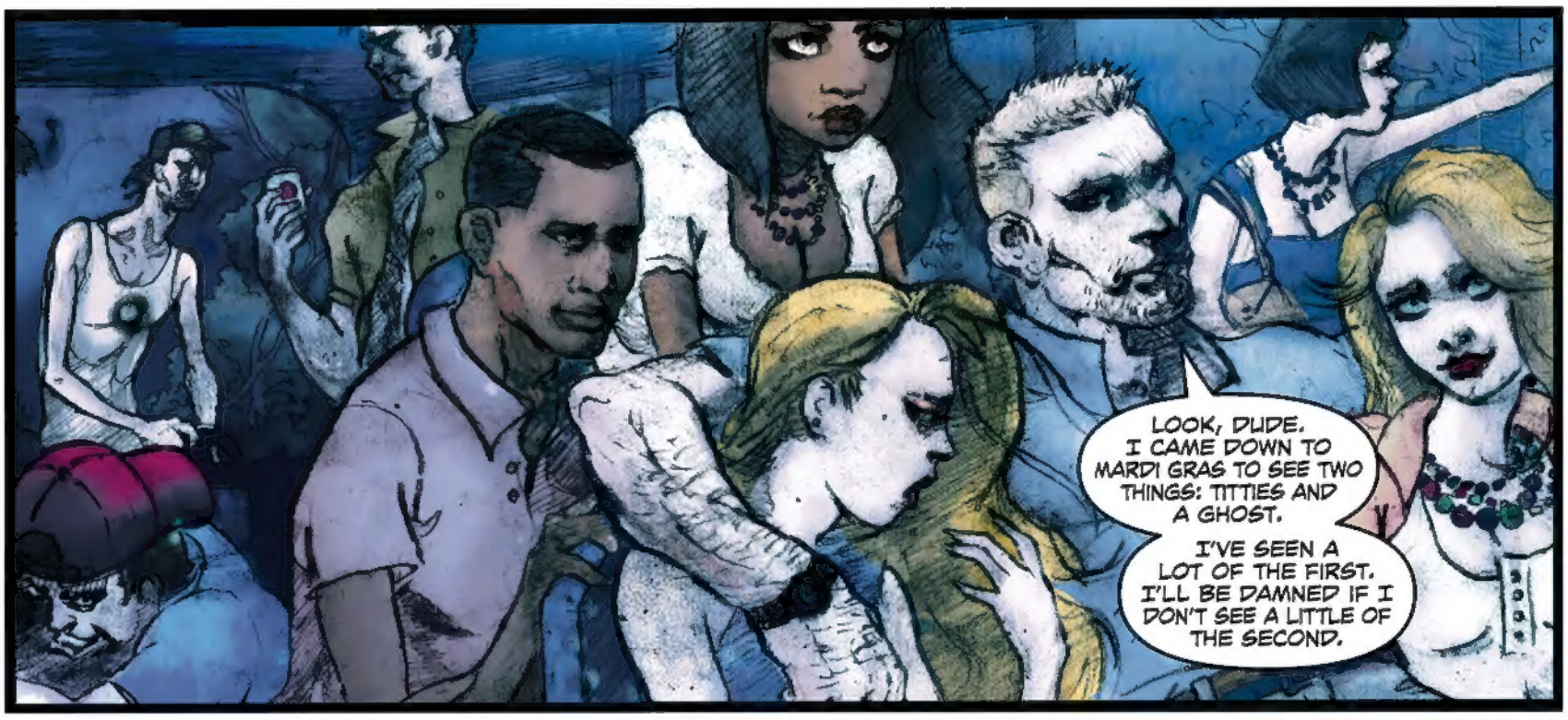

YEARS AGO.
TELL YOU WHAT: WE TURN BACK RIGHT NOW.
I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR MONEY BACK.
WON'T BE NO HARM IN IT.


LOOK, DUDE. I CAME DOWN TO MARDI GRAS TO SEE TWO THINGS: TITTIES AND A GHOST.
I'VE SEEN A LOT OF THE FIRST. I'LL BE DAMNED IF I DON'T SEE A LITTLE OF THE SECOND.

YOU RICH KIDS DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH YOUR MONEY, BUT THE SECOND I SEE SOMETHIN' FUCKED UP, I'M MAKIN' TRACKS AND AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA STOP ME.
WHO'S THIS GHOST WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SEEING ANYWAY?
SO FAR ALL I SEE IS SOME SWAMP BULLSHIT.
SOME HUMPBACKED MOTHERFUCKER WHO GOT KILLED BY HIS DAD, 'SWHAT I HEARD.

VICTOR CROWLEY.
BUNCHA SNOT-NOSED SHITS LIKE YOURSELVES SET HIS HOUSE ON FIRE FOR A LAUGH.
VICTOR'S DADDY TRIES TO BUST IN AND SAVE HIM, KNOCKIN' THE DOOR DOWN WITH A HATCHET.
DON'T KNOW VICTOR'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. KILLS THE BOY. SAD SHIT.

NOW HE'S GOT A MAD-ON FOR THE WHOLE WORLD.

COMIN' INTO THIS PART OF THE SWAMP AT NIGHT IS PRETTY MUCH DECLARIN' A DEATH WISH.

DON'T KNOW HOW MANY FOOL SUMBITCHES CROWLEY'S KILLED OVER THE YEARS.

LOTS.

THEN HOW COME WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET IF WE'RE IN SO MUCH DANGER?

YOU GOTTA GET UP CLOSE TO CROWLEY'S HOUSE FIRST.

GUYS, I THINK WE SHOULD GO BACK. THIS ISN'T FUN ANY MORE.

GUYS, WE SHO--

AAAAAAHHH!

COURTNEY!

AAAIIIIEEEEE!

COURTNEY!

THAT'S MY CUE TO LEAVE.

TRIED TO WARN Y'ALL.

WHAT THE *FUCK*?!

WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HER BEHIND!

AIN'T NO WAY THAT GIRL IS WALKIN' AWAY FROM THAT.

WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE DO ANY BETTER.

NOW.

YEAH, LOOKS LIKE THE RUMORS WERE PRETTY SOLID.

WAITER!

I WILL HAVE MORE OF YOUR FANCY DONUTS!

SEVEN YOUNG MILLIONAIRES VISIT NEW ORLEANS AND GO MISSING.

MYSTERY BODIES WITH WEIRD, RITUALISTIC MARKINGS START SHOWING UP IN HASTILY DUG GRAVES.

POLICE DON'T SEE A CONNECTION, BUT...

...SEEMS FISHY TO ME.

YOUR BEIGNETS, SIR.

HURR. MY THANKS.

HRM. YOU SEEM UNFAZED BY ME.

MY APPEARANCE DOES NOT BOTHER YOU?

MISTER, YOU *WISH* YOU WERE THE WEIRDEST SHIT I'VE SEEN TODAY.

HURR. I *LIKE* THIS PLACE.

DON'T GET TOO COMFORTABLE, VLAD.

AS SOON AS WE FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MISSING PEOPLE AND KILL WHATEVER TOOK THEM, WE'RE BACK ON THE ROAD.

DO YOU HAVE ANY THEORIES?

DOWN HERE, IT COULD BE ALMOST LITERALLY ANYTHING, WHAT WITH ALL THE CRAZY VOODOO SHIT THEY'VE GOT GOING ON.

HRM. VOODOO... DOODOO.

HAH!

WHAT ABOUT THIS HATCHET-FACE MAN FROM THE LOCAL STORIES?

WHAT, THAT *GHOST?* I FUCKING HOPE NOT.

ALL THAT "CAN'T TOUCH ME" AND "WHERE DID I GO?" BULLSHIT PISSES ME OFF.

GIVE ME SOMETHING MADE OF MEAT THAT I CAN BEAT TO HELL.

I CAN TELL YOU ONE THING: IF IT TURNS OUT TO BE THAT FUCKING *GOOD GUY DOLL* AGAIN, I AM JUST GOING TO *SHIT.*

ELSEWHERE.

GOD, IT'S LIKE A DAMN *MAZE* IN HERE.

TYLER, I THINK WE'VE ALREADY BEEN THIS WAY.

SHUT UP, WHITNEY.

I SWEAR THIS IS ALL NEW.

WE'VE *GOT* TO BE CLOSE TO GETTING OUT OF HERE.

LOOK, MAYBE WE SHOULD SPLIT UP AND--

NO FUCKING WAY, HUNTER!

SPLITTING UP IS JUST ASKING FOR TROUBLE.

WE ALREADY LOST BLAKE. I'M NOT LETTING YOU GUYS OUT OF MY SIGHT.

PLUS, IT'S GOING TO BE DARK SOON.

WE DON'T WANT TO BE ANYWH--*OH SHIT!*

JESUS!

IT'S BLAKE!

I *KNEW* THAT MONSTER GOT HIM!

SHIT!

SHIT!

SHIT!

I *TOLD YOU* WE WERE GOING IN CIRCLES!

WHO VOTED *YOU* LEADER?

FUCK YOU, STEELE!

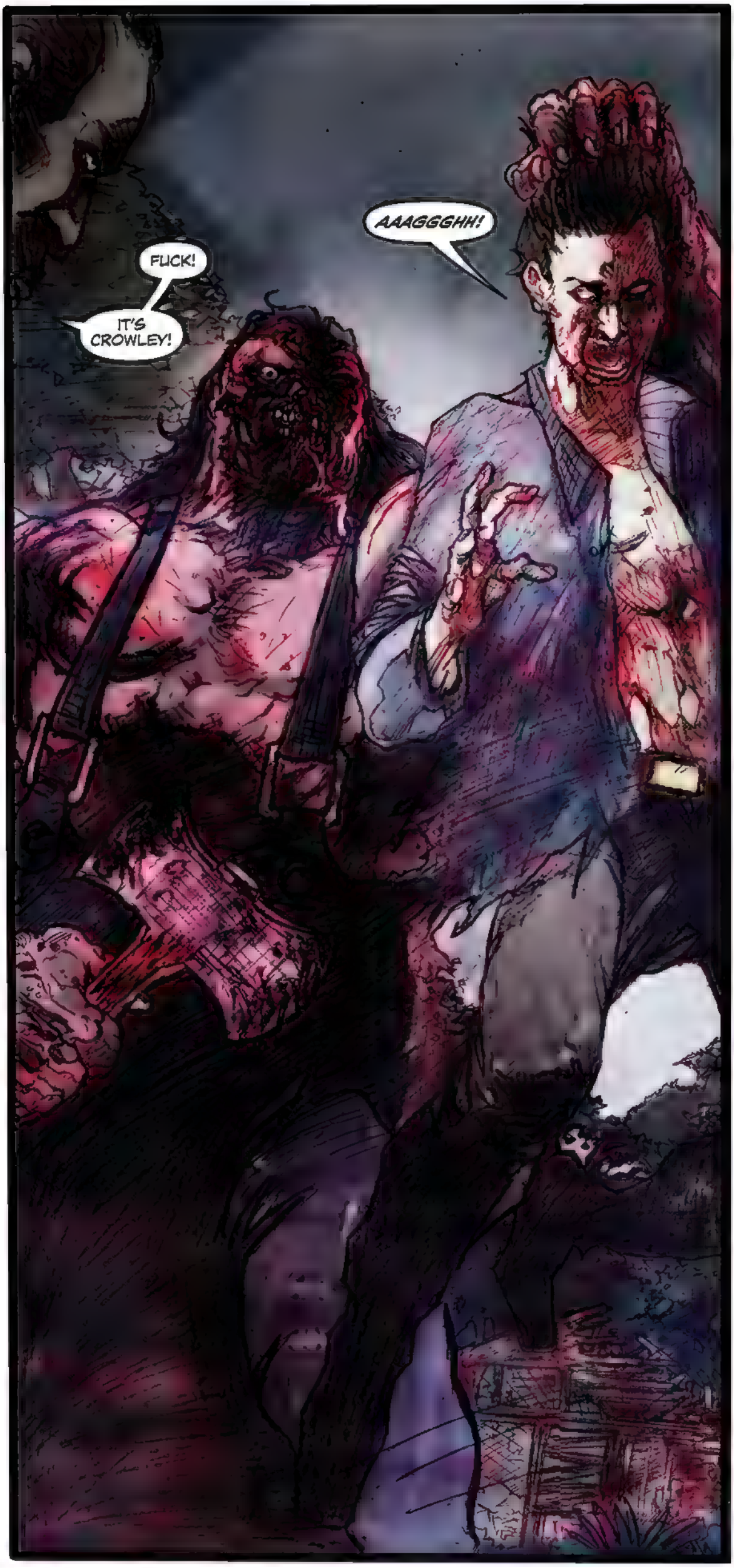
LIKE YOU COULD HAVE DONE ANY BETTER!

SO LEAD US THE HELL OUT OF HERE, GENIUS!

BECAUSE IF BLAKE'S BODY GOT LEFT ANYWHERE NEAR WHERE WE LOST HIM...

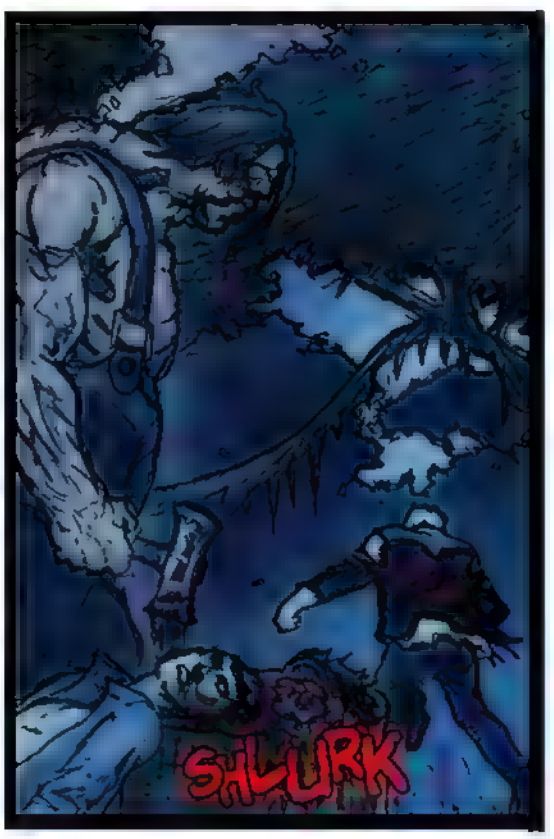
...THEN WE'RE RIGHT BY THE FUCKING HOU--

STEELE!


FUCK!
IT'S CROWLEY!
AAAGGGHH!

RUN!
TYLER, COME ON!

CHOK
GAAAAAAHH!


SHLURK

NO, I DIDN'T *ACTUALLY* THINK THAT GUY WAS THE KILLER.

I'M NOT AN IDIOT.

I *DO* THINK HE WAS GETTING A LITTLE TOO FUCKING HANDSY, THOUGH.

I HATE THAT WE EVEN WASTED SO MUCH TIME THERE.

WE DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING.

I LIKE PARADES.

AND THAT MAN SPENT ALL YEAR MAKING THAT COSTUME BY HAND.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DESTROY IT.

WELL, MAYBE NEXT TIME HE'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE HE TRIES GRABBING A FISTFUL OF TITTY FROM A TOTAL STRANGER.

BESIDES, I'VE GOT A NEW THEORY.

YOU WANT TO HIDE SOMEONE, YOU PUT 'EM IN AN ABANDONED BUILDING.

YOU WANT TO HIDE SEVEN SOMEONES, YOU'D NEED A BIG ONE.

IT'S AROUND HERE SOMEW--

AH HAH!

SCREEEEECH

BOOM.

THERE IT IS.

"IT IS THE HYPERDOME."

"RIGHT. THE STADIUM WAS WRECKED BY KATRINA. IT'S BEEN OUT OF USE SINCE THEN...

"...SO YOU TELL ME: WHY ARE THOSE CARS PARKED THERE?"

THE NEWSPAPER SAYS THAT SOMEONE HAS BEEN DOING SOME KIND OF RENOVATION WORK.

YEAH, BUT THESE AREN'T WORKERS' TRUCKS.

AND THERE ARE FIVE...SIX... *SEVEN!*

SEVEN YUPPIE-MOBILES. JACKPOT.

TELL ME *THAT'S* A COINCIDENCE.

YES. IT DOES SEEM WE SHOULD CHECK IT OUT.

YEAH.

SO LET'S CHECK THE HELL OUT OF IT.

HURR.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE RIVETED SHUT.

ARE THEY KEEPING SOMEONE OUT OR SOMETHING IN?

HRM. PERHAPS IT IS MEANT TO BE WATERTIGHT.

WATERTIGHT? GODDAMMIT, IS THIS SOME KIND OF *SHARK* THING?

NO. THIS WATER, INSIDE HERE... IS FRESH. DO YOU SMELL SWAMP GAS?

AH! YOU FOUND IT! I WONDERED IF YOU WOULD EVER GET HERE.

WHAT THE HELL?

CASSIE HACK, SLASHER KILLER.

AND THIS DASHING ROGUE MUST BE VLAD.

YOU HAVE QUITE A REPUTATION IN CERTAIN CIRCLES.

I'M GLAD YOU LIVED UP TO IT, INTERPRETING MY MESSAGE AND FINDING YOUR WAY HERE.

YOUR MESSAGE?

SO YOU'RE BEHIND THE FREAKY DEAD BODIES WE READ ABOUT IN THE PAPER?

AND THE MISSING MILLIONAIRES?

LET'S JUST SAY I HELPED CIRCULATE THE STORIES ABOUT THE "FREAKY DEAD BODIES."

I'D BEEN LED TO BELIEVE THAT SORT OF THING IS LIKE YOUR BAT-SIGNAL.

AND HERE YOU ARE.

YEAH, THAT'S GREAT. SO WHO THE HELL ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?

I OWN THIS BUILDING. I BOUGHT IT AFTER IT WAS ABANDONED, AT CONSIDERABLE COST.

AND I HAVE TRANSFORMED IT INTO SOMETHING NEW, AT AN EVEN MORE CONSIDERABLE COST.

AS FOR MY PURPOSE... WELL, I'VE WANTED TO MEET YOU FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

YOU CAN CALL ME *COURTNEY*.

OH MY GOD. HE CUT STEELE'S FACE OFF!

HE CUT HIS HEAD IN HALF!

ON THE OTHER HAND, WE KNOW FOR SURE NOW THAT STEELE *DID* HAVE A BRAIN IN HIS FUCKING HEAD.

JESUS! HOW CAN YOU EVEN SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

CALM DOWN, KATELYNN. I'M SORRY.

I'M JUST SCARED. WE ALL ARE.

OR MAYBE YOU'RE JUST AN ASSHOLE!

YOU WERE ALWAYS JEALOUS OF HOW MUCH BETTER LOOKING STEELE WAS THAN YOU!

JEALOUS? OF *THAT* HOMO?

I DON'T THINK SO.

WE WEREN'T EXACTLY COMPETING IN THE SAME MARKET, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, BRITNEY. YOU'RE RIGHT.

TYLER'S JUST AN ASSHOLE.

THANKS, KATELYNN.

MAYBE CROWLEY WILL GET TYLER NEXT.

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SAD ABOUT THAT.

HAH! YOU FUCKING WISH!

WHO DO YOU THINK IS MORE LIKELY TO GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE--

--A FORMER FOOTBALL M.V.P. OR A BOTTLE BLOND WHORE RUNNING THROUGH THE SWAMP IN HEELS?

YOU DICK! MAYBE *I'LL* KILL YOU.

BRITNEY, HUSH! DO YOU HEAR THAT?

RRRRRRRRRRRRRR

AAAIIIEEEE!

BRITNEY! NO!

RRRRRRRRRRRR

WE'VE GOT TO GO!

COME ON!

COME ON!

OH, FUCK! BRITNEY!

RRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRRR

WE WERE JUST A BUNCH OF SPOILED TRUST-FUND KIDS LOOKING FOR WAYS TO RELIEVE OUR BOREDOM.

WE LET OUR DUMB FRIEND TYLER TALK US INTO BRIBING A LOCAL FISHERMAN TO TAKE US OUT ON HIS BOAT INTO A RESTRICTED AREA OF THE SWAMP.

TYLER REALLY WANTED TO SEE A GHOST, AND THE MOST FAMOUS GHOST IN THESE PARTS IS THE HATCHET-WIELDING VICTOR CROWLEY.

HURRR. SO VICTOR CROWLEY *IS* INVOLVED IN THIS?

OH, YES. HE PLAYS PERHAPS THE BIGGEST PART OF ALL.

PAY UP, CASSANDRA!

GODDAMMIT. IT HAD TO BE A FUCKING GHOST.

NO MERE GHOST, I ASSURE YOU.

CROWLEY IS A REMORSELESS KILLER RESPONSIBLE FOR COUNTLESS DEATHS.

AND I WAS NEARLY ONE OF THEM.

SO YOUR BOAT GOT TOO CLOSE TO CROWLEY AND HE GRABBED YOU, HUH?

OBVIOUSLY YOU SURVIVED, MAYBE SOME THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

HOW'D YOU ESCAPE?

"I GOT INCREDIBLY LUCKY.

"IT WAS NO THANKS TO MY SO-CALLED FRIENDS, OF COURSE. THEY RAN AWAY AT THE FIRST SIGN OF DANGER, LEAVING ME IN THE HANDS OF THE KILLER.

"THE ALLIGATORS DISTRACTED HIM LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MAKE MY WAY TO LAND.

"AS I PULLED MYSELF ACROSS THE FOREST FLOOR, INCH BY INCH, I JUST KNEW CROWLEY WAS GOING TO CATCH ME.

"BUT HE NEVER DID.

"BY SOME MIRACLE I MANAGED TO FIND A ROAD, AND SOMEONE MANAGED TO FIND ME AND TAKE ME TO A HOSPITAL.

"DURING MY CONVALESCENCE, I HAD A GREAT DEAL OF TIME TO THINK ABOUT THOSE WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY PAIN.

"AND HOW I WOULD GET MY REVENGE ON THEM."

LET ME GUESS: YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING TO SET CROWLEY AFTER THEM, RIGHT?

YOU LUNATIC. YOU COULDN'T JUST POST EMBARRASSING PHOTOS OF THEM ON THE INTERNET--YOU HAD TO GET THEM FUCKING ***SLAUGHTERED?***

WELL, IF THE STORIES I'VE HEARD ARE ACCURATE, CROWLEY NEVER LEAVES HIS SWAMP. HOW THE HELL DID YOU TRICK THEM INTO GOING BACK THERE?

AH! THAT ***WAS*** A CHALLENGE.

NOT EVEN BLACKMAIL WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO GET THOSE COWARDS TO GO INTO THE SWAMP AGAIN.

BUT IT ***WAS*** ENOUGH TO GET THEM TO GO SOMEPLACE ELSE.

SO IT WAS SIMPLY A MATTER OF BRINGING THE MOUNTAIN TO MOHAMMED.

OR ***SWAMP***, IN THIS CASE.

OF COURSE, THERE WAS THE MATTER OF WAITING FOR DEAR OLD MOM AND DAD TO DIE SO I HAD THE RESOURCES OF THEIR FORTUNES AT MY DISPOSAL.

AFTER TEN YEARS OF WAITING, I HAD TO TAKE MATTERS IN MY OWN HANDS.

BUT IT WAS WORTH IT.

YOU PUT CROWLEY IN THE DOME, DIDN'T YOU?

YOU MADE A GODDAMN SLASHER TERRARIUM.

HOW THE FUCK--?

SOME PEOPLE ARE WILLING TO DO ***ANYTHING*** FOR THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF MONEY.

EVEN RISK THEIR LIVES IN CROWLEY'S SWAMP.

"AND THE BEST THING ABOUT WORKING WITH VICTOR CROWLEY IS...

"...THERE ARE SELDOM ANY WITNESSES LEFT OVER WHEN THE JOB'S DONE."

THIS IS ALL SO FUCKING METICULOUS, HOW THE FUCK DID YOU GET SO SLOPPY DISPOSING OF THOSE MEN'S BODIES?

WHY EVEN MOVE THEM AT ALL?

HASTILY BURIED AND MARKED WITH FAKE RITUALISTIC SYMBOLS.

AS I NOTED EARLIER: I HAD TO GET YOUR ATTENTION SOMEHOW.

HRM. WHY WOULD YOU *WANT* US TO COME?

WE WILL STOP YOU.

NO! YOU ARE HERE TO *HELP* ME.

CROWLEY KILLS THE COWARDS.

YOU KILL CROWLEY.

I WIN TWICE.

YOU FORGOT THE PART WHERE WE WRAP EVERYTHING UP BY KICKING YOUR ASS, TOO.

BUT RIGHT NOW YOU'D BETTER TELL ME HOW THE FUCK TO GET INTO THE DOME, BEFORE I DECIDE TO DO YOU FIRST!

RIGHT THIS WAY, DEAR.

HOLY SHIT.

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?

HURRY THE HELL UP!

THAT BASTARD'S RIGHT ON OUR TAILS!

TYLER, PAY ATTENTION TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

WE DON'T WANT TO GO IN MORE CIRCLES!

A MAZE LIKE THIS, WE'RE *NEVER* GOING TO FIND OUR WAY OUT IN THE DARK.

WE JUST NEED TO STAY ALIVE UNTIL DAYLIGHT, AND MAKE SURE WE DON'T RUN BACK INTO--

WHAM

--A WALL?

GUYS, THIS IS AWESOME!

WE FOUND A WALL!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS FOLLOW THIS, AND WE'RE SURE TO FIND--

--AN EXIT?

OH, SHIT.

NO!

NOT ME!

NOT NOW!

AGH! WHA--?

FFAAARRGH!

PLEASE, NO!

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE WHO LI--

SHLAK

SHUK

HUNTER! PUSH!

SHUSH, GIRL! HE'LL HEAR YOU!

SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT!

IT'S CROWLEY! CLIMB!

CLIMB!

H-HEY! HEY!

COME ON, MAN!

KILLING THE BLACK GUY IS SO CLICHÉ!

PWAK

HEY, HANDSOME!

I LIKE YOUR LITTLE TOMAHAWK, GUY, BUT...

TSK. LOOKS LIKE MINE'S BIGGER.

FILL YOUR HAND, YOU SON OF A BITCH.

SPURCH

BOOM!

SWAP

UNH!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT ONE.

BUT MINE'S STILL BIGGER.

HEY!

OH SHIT!

HELP US, LADY!

LET'S TRY TO KEEP THIS ABOUT ME, OKAY, CROWLEY?

CHIN-CHIN, YOU DICK.

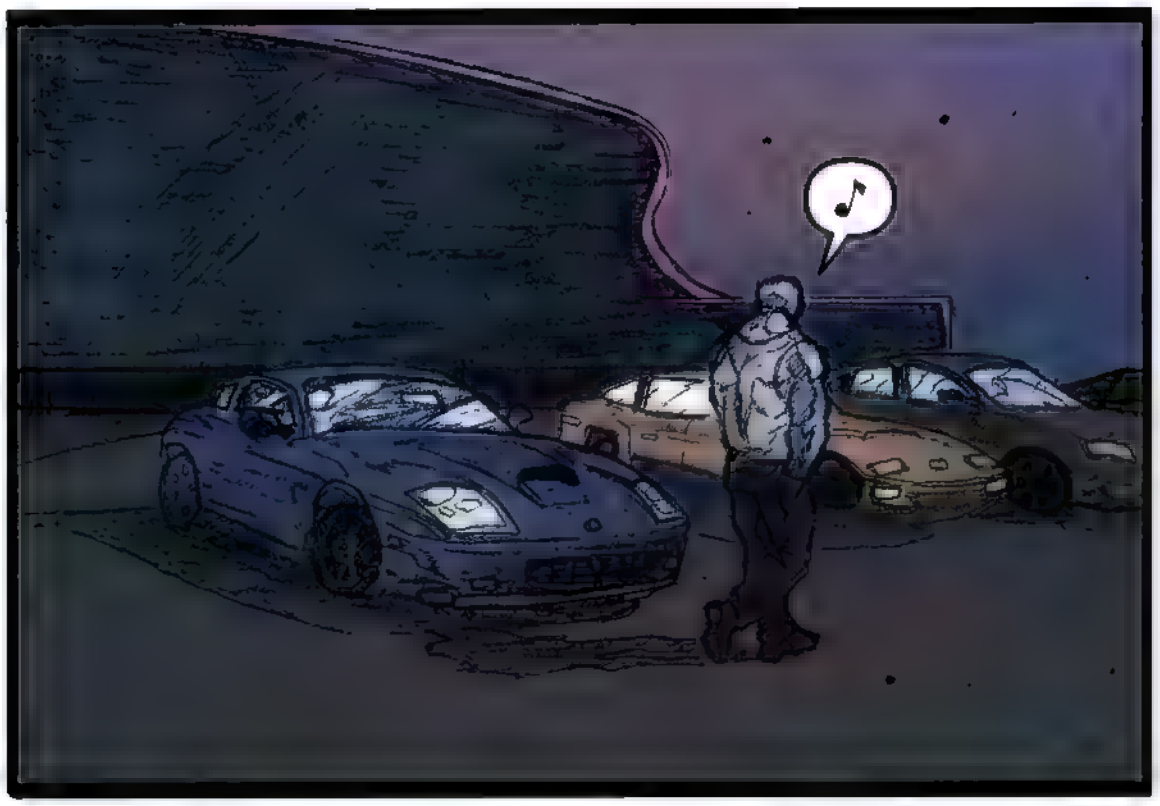
FWOOSH

WHUMP

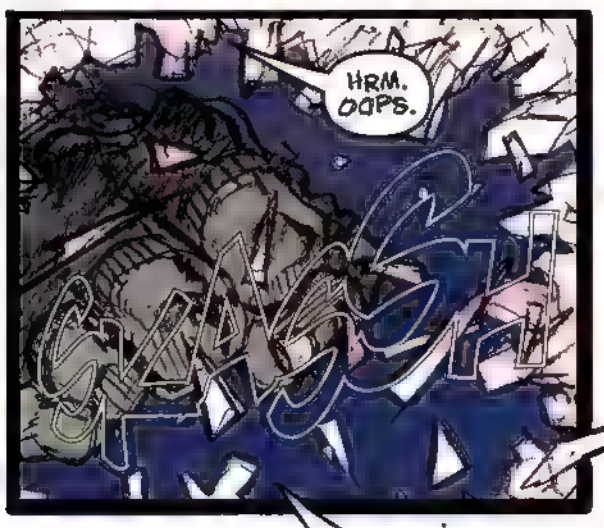
ALL RIGHT, KIDS!

GET READY TO RUN!

LET'S MAKE OUR WAY TO HIGHER GROUND AND CROSS OUR FINGERS THAT MY PARTNER CAN DO HIS THING IN TIME.



HURR.
NICE CAR.


HRM. OOPS.
CRASH

OOPS AGAIN.
I AM SO CLUMSY.
WRUNCH

HURR.
IT IS ALIVE.
ZZZT
VROOOOM

OH MY GOD.

WHO ARE YOU?

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT I DESTROY THINGS LIKE CROWLEY.

WE'RE GOING TO HOPE THAT THIS TIME I'VE SUCCEEDED.

BUT I'VE GOT A SNEAKING SUSPICION WE AREN'T SO LUCKY.

YOU KNOW THE WAY TO THE EXIT, RIGHT?

YEAH! YOU CAME IN HERE ON YOUR OWN.

YOU'VE GOTTA KNOW THE WAY OUT!

NO WAY. EVEN IF IT WERE FULL DAYLIGHT, THIS PLACE IS DESIGNED TO BE A MAZE. I LOST THE WAY IN FINDING YOU GUYS.

BUT IF ALL GOES TO PLAN, WE SHOULD HAVE A WAY OUT IN A FEW MINUTES.

ALL RIGHT, SO WHAT'S THE BIG--

--PLAN?

YAAAAGGH!

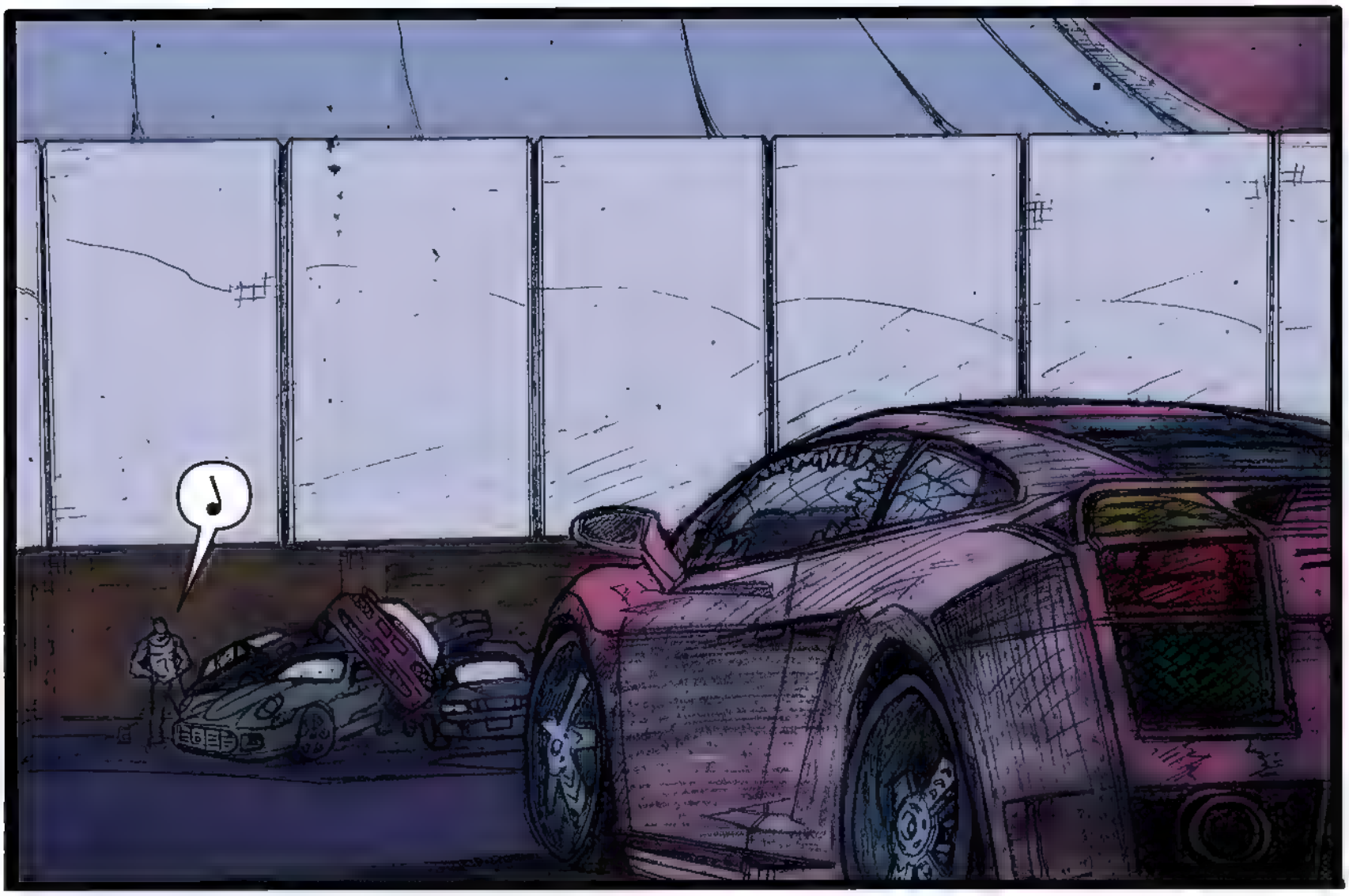
FFAAARRRGGH!

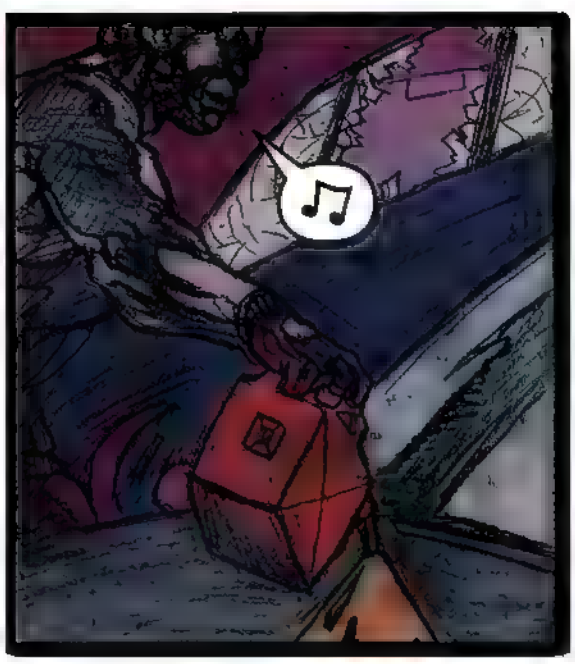
GOD DAMN IT!

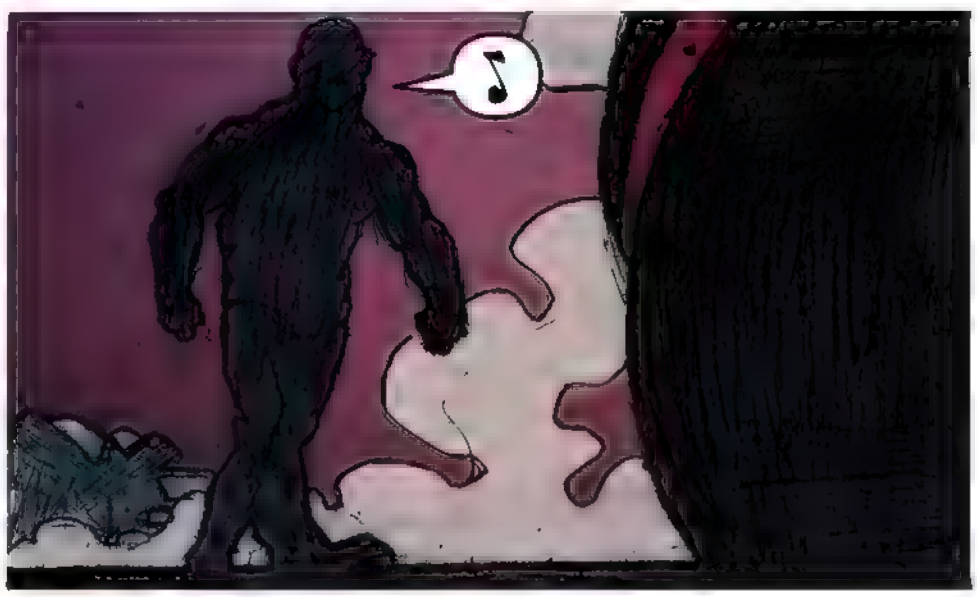
GHOSTS ARE BULLSHIT!

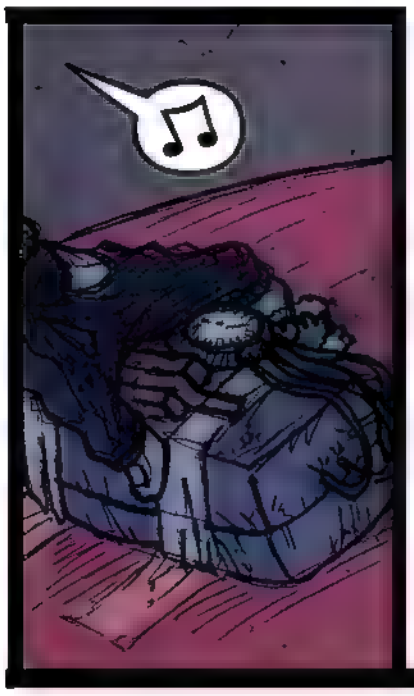
KRAK

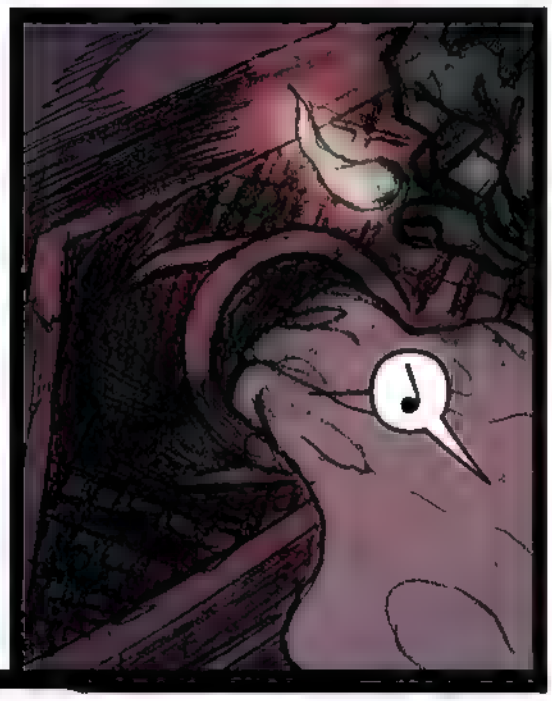
AAAAGH!
MY F-F-FUCKIN' ARM!
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR CRYING, CHAMP.
WE'VE GOT TO GET MOVING.
M-MY ARM...
KEEP IT COOL.
WE'VE GOT TO BE FOCUSED IF WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE WAY OUT!
I DON'T! WE'RE JUST TRYING TO GET TO THE HIGHEST GROUND WE CAN FIND!
WELL, WHICH WAY IS *THAT?*
FUCKING *UPWARDS!*
IF WE START GOING DOWNWARDS, WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY, OKAY?
JESUS.











HRM. YES.
PERFECT.

HURR.

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL.

KRAKOOM

BADOOOM

THAT'S THE SIGNAL!

EVERYBODY RUN TOWARD THAT EXPLOSION!

WE MADE OUR OWN EXIT!

YOU'RE NOT COMING WITH US?

I'M GOING TO HANG BACK AND MAKE SURE WE DON'T HAVE ANY UNINVITED GUESTS ON OUR TAIL.

REMEMBER TO STAY ON HIGH GROUND!

AND IF YOU SEE ANY MOVING WATER, GET THE HELL AWAY FROM IT!

WATER?

WHY WOULD WE SEE ANY WA--

AAAAHHH!

SNAP

WHITNEY!

WHITNEY!

RRRUMMMBBBLE

CRWHOOOOSH

OH DEAR GOD.

=PUFF=

THE EXPLOSION...

=HUFF=

...MUST HAVE CAUSED A TIDAL WAVE WITH THE SWAMP WATER.

YEAH.

THAT MEANS IT'S TIME TO GET THE HELL OUT.

NOW.

VERY CLEVER, MISS HACK.

VERY CLEVER INDEED.

CROWLEY MANIFESTS WHEREVER THE SWAMP AND HIS HOUSE ARE.

NO SWAMP, NO CROWLEY.

PERHAPS. BUT IT SEEMS I LET YOU INTO THE DOME TOO SOON.

I BELIEVE I SAW THREE OF MY TORMENTORS ESCAPING.

I DIDN'T THINK ANY OF THEM WOULD SURVIVE THAT LONG.

YEAH, THEY WERE RESILIENT LITTLE PRICKS.

THEY STILL NEEDED MY HELP, THOUGH.

SAVING THEM WASN'T PART OF THE DEAL. CROWLEY KILLS THEM. YOU KILL CROWLEY.

I'VE STUDIED YOU. YOU WERE THE VICTIM OF A MONSTER, TOO, SO I THOUGHT YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND.

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO *HELP* ME.

SURE. YOU'RE A VICTIM. I'M A VICTIM. BUT I USE MY EXPERIENCE TO HELP PEOPLE, NOT KILL THEM.

OH, AND YOU KNOW WHO ELSE WAS A VICTIM?

YOUR OLD PAL VICTOR CROWLEY.

GUESS WHICH ONE OF US YOU'RE MORE LIKE.

NO! NOT AGAIN!

NEVER AGAIN!

FWAAASSSH

PUSSSSHHH

CREEEK

KRK KRRRK KRAK

WHA--?

HHH.

STILL...

...STILL... ALIVE.

HH.

MY CAR!
MY FUCKING CAR!
OH GOD.
UGH. RICH PEOPLE PRIORITIES.
HEY, CHAMP. YOUR ARM GOT SPLIT OPEN LIKE AN OVER-NUKED HOT DOG. MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO GO TO A HOSPITAL.
AW, JEEZ. WHAT ARE *YOU* POUTING ABOUT?
I WANTED TO PUNCH THE GHOST AND YOU MADE ME STAY OUTSIDE.
ALL RIGHT. HOW CAN I MAKE IT UP TO YOU?
FANCY DONUTS!
I WIN...
=HEFF=
...I WIN.
DADDYYYY.
WHAT? NO!
DAAAADYYYY.
NOOOOOOOO!
THE END.

WE ALL KNOW THE PUBLIC ACTS OF DEPUTY SHERIFF PEARL REILLY.

WE KNOW THAT SHE GAVE HER LIFE DEFENDING US AGAINST A MURDEROUS ECOTERRORIST AND THE INFECTED LAB ANIMALS HE UNLEASHED UPON OUR TOWN.

WE KNOW, TOO, OF MANY LESS REMARKABLE, YET EQUALLY IMPORTANT ACTS OF PUBLIC SERVICE SHE PERFORMED FOR THE COMMUNITY SINCE COMING TO EMINENCE.

AS WITH ALL OF US, THERE WAS MORE TO PEARL THAN HER JOB, AND WE SHOULD ALSO HONOR THAT PART OF HER LIFE.

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE WAS UNABLE TO CONTACT PEARL'S FAMILY, SO WE WILL TURN TO THE PERSON IN EMINENCE WHO KNEW HER BEST: CHRISTOPHER KRANK.

Night Funeral in Eminence

writer – James Lowder artist – Jean-Paul Deshong colorist – Rachelle Rosenberg letterer – crank!

UH, *PEARL*...WAS... WELL, SHE TRIED...

DAMN IT.

MAGGIE TOLD ME THAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW ANY OTHER COPS THAT WELL.

I'M KIND OF SURPRISED SO MANY OF YOU ARE HERE, BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S YOUR JOB.

ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT SHE WAS A GOOD PERSON WHETHER SHE WAS IN UNIFORM OR NOT.

I MISS HER.

MAGGIE WAS MY FRIEND.

I'M TRULY SORRY THAT SO FEW OF YOU ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO SAY THE SAME.

I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH, SON.

WELL, WE'D BETTER NOT SPEED ON THE WAY TO THE CEMETERY--OR EVER AGAIN, ANYWHERE IN THE MIDWEST.

I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. IT WAS ALL SUCH ***BULLSHIT.***

PRACTICALLY NOBODY FROM TOWN SHOWED UP.

SHE DESERVED BETTER.

SHE DESERVED TO HAVE HER FAMILY HERE, OR AT LEAST MORE FRIENDS.

THE ONLY WAY IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE IS IF SOMEONE SANG "CANDLE IN THE WIND."

I HATE TO SAY THIS, CHRIS, BUT THERE ISN'T ANYONE ELSE.

AVA BARELY UNDERSTANDS WHAT FUNERALS ARE ABOUT.

EVEN IF THEY WERE STILL AROUND, CASSIE, VLAD, CAT--NONE OF THEM KNEW MAGGIE ANY BETTER THAN HER FELLOW OFFICERS DID.

EVEN ME...

WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE SORRY FOR THOSE PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T KNOW HER AS A FRIEND, YOU WERE TALKING TO ME, TOO.

YEAH, I GUESS CAN'T ARGUE WITH YOU.

I DUNNO. MAYBE IT WAS THAT CRAP ABOUT "ECOTERRORISTS" AND "INFECTED LAB ANIMALS" THAT SET ME OFF.

I KNOW WE CAN'T TELL EVERYONE WHAT REALLY HAPPENED: THAT MAGGIE DIED FIGHTING AN UNDEAD SLASHER AND A BUNCH OF ZOMBIE ANIMALS. IT'S JUST...

"...I GUESS I'M JUST SICK OF PRETENDING THAT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT FROM HOW THEY REALLY ARE."

...PEARL AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

...WALK IN THE LIGHT.

...GO IN PEACE.

I'M NOT READY TO GO YET.

TAKE THE CAR. I CAN WALK.

IT'S FARTHER THAN YOU THINK, AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM THE FIGHT.

YOU'D BETTER JUST CALL WHEN YOU WANT TO COME HOME. DOESN'T MATTER WHEN.

I KNOW YOU HAVE SOME THINGS TO WORK OUT, BUT I'M READY TO TALK WHEN YOU ARE.

HEY, KRANK. SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.

UM, YOU GOING TO BE HERE LONG?

I DON'T KNOW. YOU CAN GET STARTED, THOUGH. I DON'T MIND.

FIGURED YOU'D BE ONE OF THE NIGHT VISITORS, KRANK.

HERE, LET ME HELP YOU UP.

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ELMER?

AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SHIT. YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO ASK WHY SOMEONE'S HERE.

THAT'S POOR *NIGHT FUNERAL* ETIQUETTE.

NIGHT FUNERAL?

I REPEAT: WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ELMER?

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU AIN'T FROM EMINENCE.

NIGHT FUNERALS HAVE BEEN A TRADITION AROUND HERE SINCE--SHIT, *FOREVER.*

THE FOLKS WHO KNOW YOU IN WAYS THEY'LL ADMIT GO TO THE REGULAR FUNERAL.

THE ONES WHO KNOW YOU IN WAYS THAT WEREN'T SO RESPECTABLE COME AT NIGHT. SAVES FACE FOR EVERYBODY.

SHE WAS DAMN PRETTY, KRANK, AND SHE LEFT HER SHADES UP ENOUGH FOR ME TO BE *HERE*, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

COURSE, YOU SAW IT ALL CLOSER UP.

THAT WAS OBVIOUS TO ANYONE WHO EVER WATCHED YOU TWO TOGETHER AT THE BAR.

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO ASK HOW SHE WAS IN ACTION OR NOTHING.

WHAT? *NO!* WE KISSED ONCE, BUT WE NEVER--

OH, SURE. HEY, IF YOU'RE GOING TO STICK AROUND, DON'T FUCK WITH ANY OF THE OTHERS. THEY'LL JUST COME AND PAY THEIR RESPECT, THEN LEAVE.

YOU WOULD BE HAPPIER IF YOU WENT HOME, MR. KRANK.

ILLUSIONS ARE PAINFUL WHEN THEY SHATTER.

HEY, I DON'T CARE HOW YOU KNEW MAGGIE, PAL.

IT DOESN'T MATTER ONE DAMNED BIT TO ME.

OH, IT WILL MATTER, MR. KRANK.

PEARL WAS NOT ONLY ONE OF MY MANY CHILDREN.

SHE WAS ALSO...

...OUR SISTER IN THE SERVICE OF ***AKAKIOS.***

SHE SPIED ON YOU. SHE MURDERED.

SHE DID WHAT YOU WOULD CONSIDER HORRIBLE THINGS TO FURTHER OUR CAUSE.

IF ONLY SHE HAD BEEN STRONG ENOUGH IN HER FAITH, SHE MIGHT HAVE LIVED TO SEE AKAKIOS ASCENDANT.

UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE ***BLACK LAMP***, SHE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN FORCED TO HIDE HER DARK DEEDS.

SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN CELEBRATED FOR THEM.

SHIT.

YOU KNOW, I GET IT NOW.

BUT YOU EVIL ASSHOLES JUST NEVER WILL, WILL YOU?

IT'S NOT ABOUT MAKING IT OKAY TO BE A DOUCHE.

IT'S ABOUT REALIZING THAT IT'S BETTER NOT TO BE ONE.

EVERYTHING IS NOT ABOUT YOU DOING WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT.

MAGGIE FIGURED THAT OUT.

SHE *DIED* PROTECTING SOMEONE SHE BARELY KNEW BECAUSE SHE REALIZED IT WASN'T JUST ABOUT HER.

SO AS FAR AS THIS FUCKING THING GOES...

CANDLE IN THE WIND. GET IT?

NOW, YOU CREEPS HAD BETTER CLEAR OUT.

AND IF YOU EVER PUT ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE THINGS ON MY FRIEND'S GRAVE AGAIN, I'LL SHOVE IT SO FAR UP YOUR ASS YOU'LL BE LIGHTING CIGARETTES WITH YOUR TONSILS.

HEY, LISA.

SORRY FOR CALLING SO LATE--OR EARLY, I GUESS.

YEAH, ROUGH NIGHT, BUT I'M BUT I'M READY TO COME HOME...

HOW ARE YOU AND THE BABY?

FIN.